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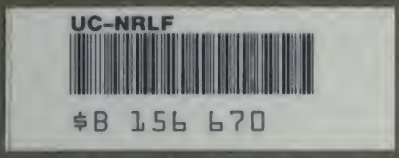

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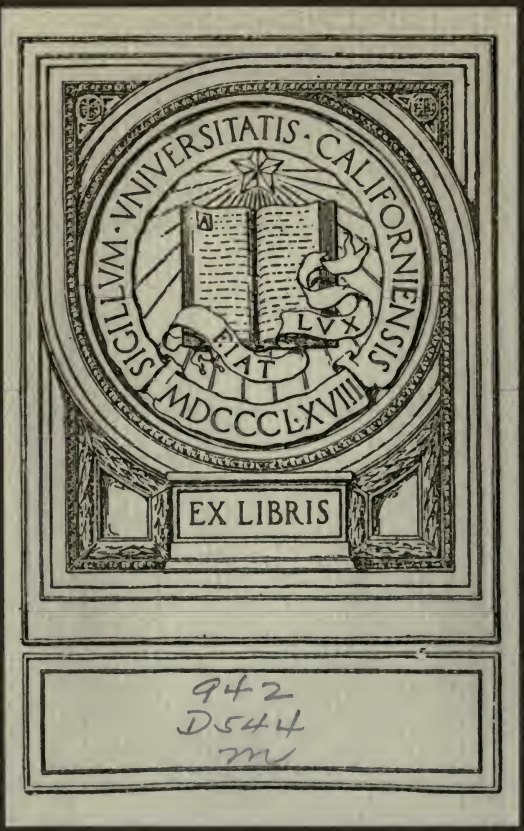
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MY SPOUSE AND I:

AN

OPERATICAL FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY C. DIBDIN, JUN.

AUTHOR OF THE FARMER'S WIFE, &c. &c. &c. &c.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane,

ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1815.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. WHITAKER.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR WHITTINGHAM AND ARLISS,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1815.

Price Two Shillings.

Printed by Whittingham and Rowland, Goswell Street, London.

THIS PIECE

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE LAMB,

WHOSE JUDICIOUS ADVICE

WAS OF ESSENTIAL SERVICE TO

HIS MOST OBEDIENT

AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

December 11, 1815.

829174

My Spouse and I, cordially thanking *all* whose talents and exertions introduced this trifle to Public favour, beg leave respectfully to acknowledge the gentlemanly attention of the Noblemen and Gentlemen composing the Sub-Committee. More might be said, but "*Many words won't fill a bushel,*" as I say to my Spouse; and "*Least said's soonest mended,*" as my Spouse do say to I.

SADLER'S WELLS,
Dec. 11, 1815.

DAME PADDOCK (*entering from the farm house.*)

And Hopper's wife be i' the right;
If lazy hinds like you appear,
The corn will ne'er be cut to-night—

PADDOCK (*entering from the field.*)

Not if you keep 'em loitering here.
The sun has beam'd an hour or more:
To work, and prate when labour's o'er.

CHORUS.

Master and Dame, we'll haste away,
And labour kindly all the day;
And when our toil is o'er regale
And drink your health in Scorem's ale.
[*Exeunt all but Paddock and Scorem.*

Scorem. Are you for a drop of my best home brewed this morning, master Paddock?

Paddock. They who do drink in a morning, neighbour Scorem, do generally get the head-ach by noon, and the heart-ach by night; and they be two troublesome companions. A clear head be the next thing to a clear conscience.

Scorem. (Ironically.) And you have both, they say.

Paddock. Why as to that, my conscience, thank heaven, be like my crop, pretty fairish; and *Though my head be thick*, as I say to my Spouse, *There be nothing in that*, as my Spouse do say to I.

Scorem. Your spouse is a very sensible woman; but, by the bye, the whole village is curious to know who that stripling is you have lately hired; who, with his pretty looks and smart clothes has turned the heads of half the girls in the place.

Paddock. Poor lad, he do seem to have known better days; he came to us a child of misfortune, and he be no christian who do refuse to receive the wandering stranger.

Scorem. True, master Paddock, and though I keep an alehouse, and some people are wicked enough to say I chalk double, my door is open to every stranger.

Enter FRISK *shabbily genteel.*

Frisk. I'm glad to hear it. I am a stranger, and want to walk in.

Scorem. Welcome, sir, to the Barley Mow, that's the house; there's the sign—and under it, "Pay to-day—trust to-morrow." *(Aside.)* A broad hint; he seems as poor as Job.

Frisk. Trust to-morrow? couldn't you make it to-day? there's an inconvenience in waiting.

[*Discovering to the audience that his pockets are empty.*

Scorem. That's my reason for not trusting.

Frisk. Didn't you say your door was open to the stranger?

Scorem. Aye, that could pay his reckoning—coming, coming!

[*Runs in to the Barley Mow, and closes the door in Frisk's face.*

Frisk. (To Paddock.) A pretty fellow to insult a gentleman in distress. I'll expose him in the County Chronicle as a warning to hungry travellers, whose stomachs and purses are in unison. I'll give him his true character; you can give me a hint, and I'll make bad worse by improving on it.

Paddock. Why, as to that, I mun beg to be excused; he who do pick a hole in his neighbour's coat deserves to live in a house without a neighbourhood.

Frisk. Give me your hand, I should like to be better acquainted with you. Feeling in a flail, and sentiment in a smock frock! Your haystack is no relation to the Barley Mow—why you'd make a famous character in a novel.

Paddock. A novel! What may that be, sir?

Frisk. Don't you know what a novel is? one village in the kingdom without a circulating library—then there are hopes. A novel is a book, whose title is *new*, and contents generally *old*—the hero, a queer good for nothing, well meaning, comical fellow, though tolerably engaging, like me; the heroine, a pretty, languishing, silly girl, like most of her female readers; her guardian, a crusty, hard-hearted, pay to-day and

trust to-morrow, like that fellow. *(Pointing to the alehouse.)* Her aunt, an antiquated, teazing, obstinate quiz, like that. [*Pointing to Dame Paddock who enters.*

Dame Pad. Quiz, what dost mean? and why dost stand talking with that Jack-a-dandy, Paddock, when there be so much to do in the field?

Paddock. Dame, dame, doantee be cantankerous—this gentleman——

Dame Pad. Gentleman, quotha? ha, ha, ha! If thee want'st a hand in the field, I dare say the *gentleman* will be very glad to make himself useful. Ha, ha, ha!

Paddock. Nay, nay, how canst thou expect a gentleman to make himself useful?

Dame Pad. Well, well, I can't stay talking nonsense; thee ought to make haste to the reapers, and if thee hast any thing to say to the *gentleman*, bid him call another time. [*Going.*

Frisk. The nearer dinner time the better.

Paddock. That be just the time I were thinking, *(aside, and earnestly to Dame Paddock.)* Wife, wife, he do want a dinner.

Dame Pad. (Returning.) What! want a dinner? pray sir, walk in; and do'ee take a luncheon to stay thee till dinner be ready; and Paddock, do'ee draw a jug o' the best, that the gentleman may give his opinion of my brewing: luncheon shall be ready directly, sir. Make haste, Paddock, make haste. [*Goes into the house.*

Paddock. I wool, dame; and it shall be a jug o'the best. *(Aside.)* I wish neighbour Scorem knew what pleasure there be in sometimes drawing ale for nothing. [*Goes in.*

Frisk. Here's primitive hospitality! A novel writer would describe it somehow thus: "Arrived half famished, with a full heart and empty pocket, at a picturesque farm house, beautifully o'erspread with woodbines." *(Looking at it.)* I see nothing but stinging nettles; and how shall I get over that pig stye? Turn it into a dog kennel, and introduce a beautiful apostrophe to the virtues of honest Tray. "Honest Tray, partaking of the character of his master, the very picture of patriarchal hospitality, welcomed by his caresses the hapless wanderer. When

the farmer's wife, a pretty, modest looking woman, with half a dozen curly-pated cherubs about her, came out; and addressing him in the soft accents of unsophisticated humanity, said ——

Enter ROGER.

Roger. What d'ye do here, you vagabond? after the pigs and poultry, I suppose.

Frisk. My dear fellow, you mistake your man.

Roger. No, I doant; it's easy to see what you be, mon, a common *vagram*, but if you don't go off my measter's premises, I'll make you.

Frisk. My good sir, I give you credit ——

Roger. That's more than you'll get yourself.

Frisk. A word with you; you belong to that house?

Roger. What if I do?

Frisk. I dine there to day.

Roger. Had'nt you better stay till you're axed?

Frisk. That ceremony's past. Jug of the best; fine luncheon: Don't you hear the eggs and bacon frying, you rogue you? I am off—and let me give you a little parting advice. If you wish to support the character of an Englishman, whenever you meet a hungry stranger, always address him with ——

Paddock. (Entering.) The luncheon be ready, sir.

Frisk. (To Roger.) Did'nt I tell you so? *(to Paddock.)* Thankye, thankye; I'll do it justice! and as eating heartily is the best way of returning a hearty welcome, you shall find me as grateful as appetite can make me. [*Goes in.*

Paddock. Why, Roger, have you been saying any thing rude to that young man? he be a gentleman in distress, I dare say; though a queer plain spoken chap as I ever seed: but *Plain and above-board be best*, as I say to my Spouse; and *Rough and ugly munnat be despised*, as my Spouse do say to I.

Roger. I were protecting your property: I thought un a poacher; however, as matters have turned out, I'll go ax un pardon; for when a man finds he's wrong, let un own it like a man, I say. [*Goes into the house.*

Paddock. Well, I be happy I chanced to light upon that poor hungry gentleman; it do make one eat one's dinner so heartily when the cheerful face of a poor guest be the sauce to it. There be many sweet and cheering enjoyments, but while they please for a time only, the smile of gratitude gives to him who raises it, pleasure for ever. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Paddock's House. Table and Chair.

Enter DAME PADDOCK *and* JANET.

Dame Pad. I declare, Janet, you are always idle, and mind nothing but singing nonsensical love ballads.

Janet. It is no use, mistress, scolding and scolding till a poor girl doesn't know what hur is about; look you.

Dame Pad. Heyday! Since this lad Harry came, your poor Welch head runs so upon him, that you have proved false hearted to poor Ned, our shepherd; fie! fie! Janet.

Janet. Oh yes, it is fery proper, fie, fieing indeed, but hur can't help having affections and partialities for Harry, any more than Ned can help loving hurself; and so they may pripple and may prapple about false-heartedness, but, after all, as the ballad goes, till prudence says *yes*. A poor girl should always say *no*.

SONG.

Love, little blind urchin, went strolling one day,
And madrigals chaunted so pretty;
While ballads he sold as he went on his way,
With Valentine verses so witty;
Love's burthen was "Maids, ne'er away your hearts throw;
'Till Prudence prompts *yes*, always answer, O *no*."

Love, little false urchin, advice didn't spare,
Yet his arrows at random he shot 'em ;
And a dart aim'd at Prudence, who chanc'd to be there,
But thus wounded, their hearts she forgot 'em.
Left by Prudence the maids turn'd out silly, and so
They often said *yes*, when they should have said *no*.

[*Exit.*

Dame Pad. Poor simple wench. Heyday! here comes Harry from the market town already. On my word he has made rare haste. He certainly is a pretty lad, and I don't wonder that all the girls be in love with him.

Enter HARRIET *(in Boy's Clothes) with a Basket on her shoulder which she throws on the table and seems out of breath.*

Dame Pad. Back already? thee must have flown.

Har. On the wings of gratitude then; it would be wonderful if my heels were heavy when your kindness has made my heart so light!

Dame Pad. Well, well, sit thee down and rest abit: thy limbs were not made for labour I warrant; but come, now here are no listners, tell me, what is it that makes thee go moping about so, and then so merry by turns?

Har. Why really I am unhappy *(in a careless way.)*

Dame Pad. Then you have always a very pleasant way of showing it.

Har. Why, dear me, would you have me make every body miserable because I am so? I always put the best side outwards; and when I am sad, rattle away to conceal the fulness of my heart through the emptiness of my head. *(Aside.)* I'll tell her I'm a woman at once, that I may have somebody to put confidence in. Ah! my dear, dear Mrs. Paddock, I have such a story to tell you: I may trust you, *(Archly)* I think you wont betray me.

Dame Pad. Betray thee? me betray thee?

Har. Dont look grave now, as if you was angry;

and you know I love you too well to make you angry. *(Chucking her coaxingly under the Chin)*

Dame Pad. Bless me, what's the matter with the boy?

Har. Now I'll fasten the door that no one may intrude. *(Runs to the door.)*

Dame Pad. Heyday, what does he mean! *(Alarmed)* Harry; why, why!

Har. (Archly.) You're not afraid of *me,* are you? ha, ha, ha!

Dame Pad. I protest I don't know what to make of you: but unlock the door, or I wont listen to a word. Suppose my good man—suppose—bless me—I'm all in a flurry.

Har. A flurry? ha! ha! ha! *(Unlocks the door.)* There, now your alarm's over, I hope! and now for my story: do you know, for all my swaggering, I'm afraid of every body; and though you think me all simplicity, I, I deceived you.

Dame Pad. Deceived me! *(with anger)* the little villain! that was the very thing I was afraid of.

Har. Now do look grave again; but truth must out now, and you wont be angry when you know the cause. I am not what I seem.

Dame Pad. That's plain enough: thee art too well spoken for a common body.

Har. You misconceive me; I am, I am—

Dame Pad. What the geminis art thee? art a vagrant?

Har. No.

Dame Pad. A deserter?

Har. No, No.

Dame Pad. Art thee good for any thing?

Har. Oh! no, no!

Dame Pad. In short, art thee an honest man?

Har. No.

Dame Pad. No?

Har. I am—a woman!

Dame Pad. A woman! mercy on us; thee hasn't been telling thy story to my husband, hast thee?

Har. No, no; and if I had you wouldn't fear a poor silly girl.

Dame Pad. Ha! ha! ha! But come, tell thy story.

Har. Left a poor orphan, and persecuted by the dishonourable addresses of a rich guardian; I left London in this dress: and when the little money I had was expended, reached this spot: you know the rest—your generosity—

Dame Pad. (Wiping her eyes.) Psha! Generosity! say no more about it; but—ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing how thee wilt disappoint all the village lasses, who be light-headed and heavy hearted about thee.

Paddock. (Without.) Dame!

Dame Pad. My good man do call; I'll come to thee again, but I were all in a twitteration; for the door locked by a smart lad were enough to alarm a likely body, as I am, ha, ha, ha! [*Exit laughing.*

Har. Now, in case of discovery, I am certain of protection here: perhaps my persecutor may follow me no longer; what happiness can he hope for? I never will be his, and should he again get me in his power, the breaking my heart would foil all his hopes. Pleasure is his pursuit, a phantom for ever eluding its follower, and which, when secured, ceases to exist.

BALLAD.—HARRY.

A little boy espied
A butterfly one day;
To catch the prize he tried;
The insect got away.
From flower to flower it flew
The hunter to elude;
He more impatient grew
The longer he pursued.
Pursuing pleasure if you try,
'Tis to chase the butterfly.

The little eager boy
The trifler followed up,
Who buried, to his joy,
Within a tulip's cup.

The boy with all his power
To seize the tulip flew,
His ardour crush'd the flower,
And kill'd the insect too.
Securing pleasure if you try,
'Tis to kill the butterfly. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Another Room.

FRISK *and* PADDOCK *discovered eating, &c.*

Frisk. Your health, Master Paddock; you see I'm quite free and easy.

Paddock. Well, that be what I like, *(looking toward the window)* I declare there's my landlord, 'Squire Wilton, from Lunnun. Well, we mun be civil to un; though he be trying to break my lease, and turn me out of doors, 'cause I don't let his hares and pheasants eat all my corn. The cause be to be tried to-day, and no doubt he be come on purpose about it. However, *Never show your teeth till you can bite;* as I say to my Spouse; *And one mun sometimes hold a candle to the devil;* as my Spouse do say to I. *(Goes out.)*

Frisk. (Drinking.) Your health in your absence, my honest fellow; never was better ale, nor warmer welcome. But didn't he say 'Squire Wilton? Ho! ho! I'd rather not meet him; though he don't know me—and in fact, I only know him by name.

Re-enter PADDOCK *bowing, ushering in* WILTON. DAME PADDOCK *entering at another Door.*

Wilton. Well, Paddock—

Paddock. The rent be ready, sir; I'll fetch un directly.

Wilton. No such haste; my steward will settle that; I merely call'd with a how d'ye do, having come down on a shooting excursion.

Frisk. Good opportunity, sir; fine weather; harvest nearly in, plenty of game, and ——

Wilton. (Haughtily.) Sir?

Frisk. (Aside.) Booby in buckskin; must quiz him.

Dame Paddock. Will your honour please to take a snack this morning?

Frisk. Good incentive to appetite here, sir; charming chops; capital cutlets; beautiful bacon; and admirable ale.

Wilton. Sir! *(sternly)* as I have no knowledge of you——

Frisk. That impediment shall be removed immediately, sir; I am Frank Frisk, at your service; a rattle-brained run-away fellow; not quite so forlorn as I look, nor so empty as you may suppose.

Paddock. (Aside to Frisk.) Dang it now, sir, don't make so free with his honour; he may think it not pretty behaved, under favour.

Frisk. My good Paddock, you have entertained me too nobly for me to affront your friends. *(To Wilton.)* Beg pardon, sir; hope my nonsense will make no difference between you and your worthy tenant. I'm a good shot, and shall be proud to accompany you, in capacity of a *trudge*, if *most* agreeable—start covey—pop partridge—hamper hare—beat bush—bag game—shoot flying—or any other possible accommodation in my power.

Wilton. I have my people to attend me, sir—*(to* Paddock *aside)* Show that man the door, Paddock.

Paddock. Why I be main proud to see your honour to be sure; because it be a bit of a condescension; and I hope the gentleman will beg pardon, or so; but as I have axed un to my house, it be not good manners to turn un out.

Wilton. Very well, sir, his friendship is probably of more consequence than mine.

Dame Pad. (Aside to Paddock.*)* Friendship? Hey! What? Pay rent—ask no favour; if thee turn'st out a poor man to please a rich one, thee hast none of the blood of the Paddocks in thee, that's all.

[*Exit angrily—making a half curtsy to* Wilton.

Wilton. (Haughtily.) Good day, Mr. Paddock, the goodness of your lease is to be tried to-day, and I shall remember this. [*Exit* WILTON.

Paddock. Your servant, sir—rent be ready when steward do call, sir. *(Calling after him.)* Master Frisk, thee be'st a comical gentleman, but I do think thee an honest one, and while thee stayest in this village, Paddock's door be always open to thee; but it be'nt wise to affront squire; for, it be *Dangerous meddling wi' edge tools*, as I say to my Spouse; and *There's no making honey from a crab apple*, as my Spouse do say to I.

Frisk. My dear friend, I have made a breach here, which may operate to your disadvantage; I'll follow, and when I've made it up, I'll look in again.

Paddock. At dinner time, and welcome.

Frisk. Thank ye, thank ye. [*Exit* FRISK.

Paddock. Squire may be angry; but my lease be firm and good for all his law, and I do pay my rent to the day; so while I do treat un with proper civility, that for his anger. *(Snapping his fingers.)* He be I know but a half witted one, and *Empty vessels make the greatest sound*—as I say to my Spouse; and, *A fool's bolt be soon shot*—as my Spouse do say to I.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Fields.*

Enter WILTON *with a Gun, and* DICK *in a Livery, but with something in his Dress denoting the Sailor.*

Wilton. Well, Dick, did you see any birds?

Dick. Not a sail, your worship.

Wilton. Leave off your salt water slang, sir.

Dick. Won't ship another sea, your worship.

Wilton. Pshaw; Look out, look out!

Dick. Crowd sail directly, your worship.

[*Exit* DICK.

Wilton. I'm heartily tired of this fellow; I wish I had'nt taken him; but 'tis only till his brother recovers. Hey! Dido! Dido; *(Whistles.)* Where has

the dog got to? I miss'd her in the last field. I hope she'll not be snapp'd up. I wouldn't lose her for a hundred.

SONG.—WILTON.

When the grey morning breaks
O'er the dew-powder'd soil;
When his way the hind takes,
Light of heart, to his toil;
I rise, ere the sun
Darts his beams, health to court;
Call my dog, load my gun,
And away to the sport.
Creep slow through the stubble, the covey are met;
Toho! Dido!—good dog—she has 'em—they're set—.
I mark 'em—they rise—bang! one's fated to die,
I bag it, and onward trot Dido and I.

Thus brace after brace,
For my aim's pretty true,
I bag in a space
That few sportsmen can do.
With appetite keen
To my box then I go,
While the charms of the scene
Set my heart in a glow.
But hold—in the stubble—hey—Dido stops short—
Toho! Dido—good dog—she points to the sport—
I mark 'em—they rise—bang! another must die—
I bag it, and homeward trot Dido and I.

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. Not a sail in the offing, your worship.

Enter HARRIET, *looking another way.*

Wilton. (To Henry.) Hark ye, my lad, have you seen any birds?

Har. Yes, sir, I saw. *(Aside.)* Heavens! my persecutor! [*Runs off.*

Wilton. Dick, did you see that face?

Dick. Tacked too soon, your honour.

Wilton. Pshaw! run after that lad directly, and find out where he lives—run—

Dick. Ten knots an hour, your honour.

[DICK *runs off.*

Wilton. I am egregiously deceived, or that is Harriet Greville in disguise; I cannot mistake a face that has made such an impression on my heart: and running away the moment I spoke confirms my suspicion. But how got she here?

Enter SCOREM.—FRISK *enters behind, and listens.*

Scorem. Happy to see your honour in these parts.

Wilton. Thank ye. Pray, who is that lad that passed you just now?

Scorem. A wanderer who came to the village, and was taken in by Paddock; and I dare say he'll take him in in return: for my part, I don't know what use he can be to him; he seems more like a girl than a boy. But Paddock is but a poor foolish fellow.

Wilton. Yes, he insulted me this morning: but he shall repent it before I leave the country.

Frisk. (*Aside.*) Indeed!

Scorem. (*Aside.*) Ho! Ho! The wind sits in that quarter, does it? I'm sure he ought to pay every respect to your honour, when his farm is so much under let, and a long lease too.

Wilton. His lease, I hope, will be set aside to-day; however, if not, I will never give him another.

Scorem. (*Aside.*) A lucky moment! now for a clincher.

Frisk. (*Aside.*) If you don't get a clincher some day; somebody won't get his due, that's all.

Scorem. 'Tis no business of mine to be sure; but I would give one third more rent for the farm, and if I could assist your honour in gaining your cause and getting rid of the lease——

Wilton. If you can, you shall have the new one.

Scorem. A bargain: I've seen his lease. He engages to keep on the farm never less than one hundred sheep at a time.

Wilton. Well?

Scorem. Now to my knowledge, for the last twelve months, there haven't been more than fifty on it.

Wilton. Indeed! That will make the lease void and gain the cause; prove it, and the new lease shall be yours. Meet me at the Manor House this evening.

Scorem. I will, your honour. I'l prove it I'll take my own oath.

Wilton. Will you, my honest fellow?

Scorem. Yes, to any thing.

Frisk. (Aside.) I don't doubt it.

Scorem. I won't fail, your honour; *(aside)* I've nail'd it. [*Exit.*

Frisk. (Aside.) Yes; but the clincher's to come yet; and I must have a hand in that.

Re-enter DICK.

Dick. Couldn't get the weather-gage of him, your honour; so hauled in, tacked about, and——

Wilton. Follow me. [*Exit Wilton.*

Dick. Another squall—he grows so cranky and yawish, there's no bearing him; however, I'm rated for the present cruise, but when we return to port, I'll strike the yellow admiral's flag here, *(pointing to the cuffs of his coat, which are yellow,)* and sail under the true blue again.

Frisk. (Coming forward.) Why, Dick!

Dick. Bless me, your honour, how glad I am to hail you once more: only cruise here a few glasses, and I'll heave in your wake again. But Bosen has piped, and I must obey orders. [*Exit Dick.*

Frisk. Meeting Dick's apropos. He must assist me to foil this publican: so, as he is to return, I'll sit down here, and ruminate like a half starved Peripatetic. [*Sits down half concealed by a bush.*

Enter JANET.

Janet. Oh, dearest me! it is creat criefs and distresses, look you, that this Harry was ever come to the place: he has made sad work with hur poor heart.

Enter NED, *whistling, twirling a stick, and appearing not to see* JANET.

Janet. (Aside.) Well, I'm sure—what disdains and indifferencies! But though hur doesn't care for him; hur will make him feel for his want of manners; look you. Ned!

Ned. (Sulkily, and only half-turning.) Well?

Janet. Hur is going to the fair next week.

Ned. May be so.

Janet. And who d'ye think is going with hur?

Ned. I don't care.

Janet. Harry.

Ned. What's it to I? what dost tease I for?

[*Going, &c.*

[*As Ned goes, he meets Harriet, who has a cane, and pushes against him rudely.*

Har. Very civil, Mr. Ned; the road's wide enough.

Ned. I shall walk upon what part of it I please, Mr. Harry—*(flourishing his stick.)*

Har. And so shall I, Mr. Ned; *(flourishing her cane.)*

Ned. Broo! *(going to her in a threatening manner.)*

Har. And *broo!* again! if you go to that.

Janet. (To Ned.) You're a good-for-nothing ill-manner'dly fellow. Look you.

Ned. And you are a good-for-nothing girl, look you. *(Mocking her,)* I care as little for thee, as for he; and if *he* gives me any of his airs, I'll—*(flourishing his stick.)*

Janet. Do touch him: and hur will claw your knave's sconce well, so hur will.

Har. Pray good folks, don't quarrel on my ac-

count. You may flounce, sir, and look bluff, and fancy I'm not as much of a man as yourself, sir; but I'd have you to know, sir, that I've vanquish'd a better man than you before now, sir.

Janet. Ned, why don't hur go to hur work, and not affront hur betters, look you?

Ned. My betters indeed—a poor—vagrant, for aught I know—I've a great mind to—*(going towards Harriet.)*

Janet. Aye, touch him if you dare! *(getting between them.)*

Har. (Aside.) Let her keep to that, and I may bluster in safety. I'm half afraid already—you'd better be quiet, sir.

Ned. Aye, you may swagger, but you don't rob me of my sweetheart so easily.

Har. Me rob you of your sweetheart? Bless the boy! I've no inclination to rob you of your sweetheart; and indeed if I had, I could hardly suppose that she, who had been false to another, would be true to me.

Janet. It is ferry fitting and proper, look you, hur should be affronted, and set at nought, for putting hurself in the power of nobody knows who, and nobody cares who neither, *(agitated,)* and if hur was Ned, hur would preak hur coxcomb's head, so hur would.

Ned. And if you tell me, I'll do it in a minute.

(Ned advances angrily towards Harriet.)

Janet. (Alarmed for Harriet.) If you lay a finger on him, hur will never forgive you; look you.

TRIO.—HARRIET, NED, JANET.

Har. Pray, don't quarrel for me.
Ned. Give up all thinking of she,
Or worse for you it shall be,
And I'll do it, tho' Janet it lose me.
[*Holding up his stick.*
Jane. Keep hur distance from Harry.
Ned. His point he shan't carry.

Har. Good day—*(going)*
Janet. Pray now, tarry
To spite him;
Har. ——— Nay, prythee excuse me.
[*She pulls Harriet back.*

Janet. *(to Ned)* You are a coxcomb! a knave!
Ned. *(to Janet)* None of your airs I'll have;
I don't care for you that.
[*Snapping his fingers.*
Har. What are you both at?
I'll ne'er rival you tho' you abuse me. *(to Ned.)*
Ned. I don't care if you do.
And pray who are you?
If you cross me again——
Janet. If he does, sir, what then?
Ned. Let him stay and you'll see.
Janet. Oh, never mind he—*(to Harriet)*
Stay and brave him;
Har. —— Nay, prythee excuse me.

Har. Now, Janet, consider; with Ned you are joking;
To play at cross-purposes thus is provoking.
Janet. Hur don't care for Ned, and sure Harry is joking;
To play at cross-purposes thus is provoking.
Ned. A false-hearted girl! but I won't stand *his* joking;
To play at cross-purposes thus is provoking.
[*Exeunt Janet after Harriet, Ned opposite side.*

Frisk. *(Coming forward.)* A pretty picture of rural simplicity.

Enter Dick.

So, Dick, you're returned.

Dick. Yes, I've slipped cable—and so your honour is cruising under false colours?

Frisk. Don't you blab, Dick; but you seem under false colours too.

Dick. After a long voyage, I'd a mind to have a bit of a land cruise, by way of change: so my brother Jack, who was the squire's foremast-man, being on the doctor's list, I volunteer'd into the service for him; and here I am, cox'en of the Cockatoo cruiser.

Frisk. Commanded by Captain Strutt. Now, Dick, you can do me a service.

Dick. Can I? Was'nt I your honour's foster brother? and won't I go through fire, wind, and water, for you?

Frisk. You're an honest fellow, Dick; and now for the service I want performed. Scorem, of the Barley Mow, an empty, hollow-hearted tap-tub, is going to rob a worthy farmer here of his lease; your master is his landlord, and you must manage—

Dick. To rake Scorem, and bring the farmer out of the enemy's wake.

Frisk. But here they come, and with them a lad; no, he has turned down the other path.

Dick. (Looking out.) That's the lad whose latitude my master ordered me to find; the squire thinks he's a girl that he is in chase of: and so, mayhap, you can lend me a hand to put Squire abaft the binnacle too.

Frisk. A Girl! So, so: an adventure!

[*They retire.*

Enter PADDOCK *and* SCOREM.

Scorem. Why, really friend Paddock, the squire's a queer fellow; and I wouldn't give into his vagaries: what have you to fear?

Frisk. (Coming forward.) A snake in the grass.

Scorem. What do you mean?

Frisk. To scotch the snake.

Paddock. (to Frisk.) Why, you be rather too hasty and interfering like! it don't become thee, under favour.

Frisk. It's a way I have whenever I meet either a fool or a knave.

Scorem. One of which I suppose I am?

Frisk. No: not *one!* both.

Scorem. You are an impertinent fellow! Come along, neighbour Paddock.

Frisk. Friend Paddock, he's a black sheep; you haven't one like him among all the *fifty* you keep on your farm.

Scorem. (Aside.) Fifty! he knows more than he should. I'll go to the manor house directly. Well, Paddock, if you mean to stop, I must go.

[*As Scorem goes off, Paddock is following; Frisk stops him.*

Frisk. Beware of that fellow; he's as false as his own measure. He's after mischief.

Paddock. You be an odd kind of gentleman—Neighbour Scorem—

Frisk. Is like his chalk, double. But where's the lad?

Dick. He pushed off the moment he saw you.

Paddock. Aye, that be a fine lad; and have gone through a power of misfortunes: and *she* told my dame—

Frisk. She!

Paddock. (Confused.) Odd rot'un, did I say she?

Frisk. Come, come—it is a girl; and a plan is on foot to do both you and her mischief. Old Barley Mow is at the bottom: but he shall have his score properly paid off.

Enter NED.

Ned. Dinner be ready, master.

Paddock. Well, I'll just tell the reapers to strike, and then join you. [*Exit* PADDOCK.

Frisk. Then we'll digest our business and the beef-steaks, at the same time.

Enter REAPERS *from the Field, who join in the Finale.*

FINALE.

We'll hold a cabinet council
O'er a beef-steak and brown ale;
And that's a foundation for argument
Too substantial to fail.

A bumper we'll fill to the honest man,
We'll toast him again and again;
And Confusion we'll drink to ev'ry rogue's plan,
And pledge it like able men.

With a hob-nob, and a merry go round,
And we'll pull in ere reason fail;
For the stoutest man in the kingdom found
Must knock under to humming ale.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. Scene I.

Paddock's Parlour.

Paddock, Dame Paddock, Frisk, *and* Harry.

Paddock. But art sure *(to Frisk)* thee art right? It be bad to take away a man's good name.

Dame Pad. Good name, quotha? Scorem's good name be like his good ale; bad is the best on't.

Frisk. That he *said* so, I have two good witnesses, my ears; that he'll *do* so, I've a certain proof in *his* heart; and that he'll be foiled, I've a pretty good presentiment in my own: so cast off care, get in your corn, and I promise you the jolliest harvest-home you have had since you was a farmer.

Paddock. Thee speak'st as thee wishest; thy heart be good, as I say to my Spouse, but thy head goes a wool-gathering, as my Spouse do say to I.

Frisk. It will produce a Golden Fleece, then.

Paddock. I wish it may prove so; however t'cause ben't tried yet, law's unsartain, and I always think the two tails of a counsellor's wig be like Plaintiff and Defendant, their only *dependance* be t' lawyer's head. [*Exit.*

Dame Pad. He do seem rather narvousome; and if his kind heart do sink, mine will be too sorrowful to keep it up. *(Exit crying.)*

Frisk. (Aside.) This Wilton little dreams of the rod I have in pickle for him. I wonder I haven't heard from lawyer Pros: sure he never received the letter I sent him. *(Seeing Harriet disconsolate.)* Why, Harry!

Har. Ah! Mr. Frisk, they have been my support, my preservers, and are the only friends I have.

Frisk. Come, come, don't be so unjust as to leave me out of the number: but I know all about it, don't blush now.

Har. Sir! *(Confused.)*

Frisk. Madam.

Har. What do you mean?

Frisk. Mean? as if you couldn't guess. I wouldn't be thought impertinent, but do you think your disguise could deceive me?

Har. (Affecting pique.) Disguise, sir? I don't understand you. Though you may look upon me as a mere boy, I may convince you I am as much of a man as many——

Frisk. Who wear a woman's heart under a man's habit. It is useless to trifle, Wilton suspects you, and has laid a plan to get you into his power.

Har. Heaven shield me from that power! but, but—*(Conceals her face with agitation.)*

Frisk. Come, come, why in tears? you see I was in the secret, and—

Har. 'Twas unmanly, sir, to take me by surprise.

Frisk. By surprise, my dear girl? I know your sex, I honour all your sex, and I'll fight for you all: so don't fear to put confidence in me, I will protect you.

Har. (Recovering her spirits.) Why you look like a champion; but not being possessed of your wonderful penetration, I am really at a loss to know how you can protect me.

Frisk. By my head and my hands, plan with one, and fight with the other; but is this same buckram squire the man who occasioned your flight and disguise?

Har. He is; and on whose account I must again fly.

Frisk. Not while Frank Frisk stays in the village; I shall leave it myself soon, and then we will go together.

Har. Sir! upon my word you don't want for confidence, but I hope you will do me the honour to consult me upon the occasion.

Frisk. Oh, my dear, we'll have the parson's permission: for the moment I knew you I determined to offer you my heart.

Har. Inscribed like a Tunbridge Toy; "*A Trifle of Esteem.*"

Frisk. Pretty encouragement! yet might I but presume.

Har. Might you but presume? what have you been doing all this time? but were I inclined to return this *extraordinary compliment* to my understanding, there is an insurmountable objection; you forget, sir, I am poor.

Frisk. So am I; and we shall match the better. Love and poverty, they say, don't agree; but the love that flies out of the window at the sight of poverty, deserves to have the door shut in his face; so if you can accept the heart of a poor eccentric fellow, who is, I hope, more fool than knave, there is my hand; if you reject it, there's a pond in the yard, and a pear-tree in the garden, and if I am fished for in one, or pluck'd like a burgamy from the other, whose fault will it be?

Har. (Half ironically.) If your case is so desperate it will require some consideration, and perhaps it is fortunate I *am* poor; or really rather than break your heart, I might, perhaps, be induced to pay—what am I saying? Good bye—I must leave the place; and if we should never meet again—

Frisk. Remember if you leave this place without me you'll break my heart, and *(to an attorney's Clerk who enters as Harriet goes off on the opposite side)* I've a great mind to break your head.

Clerk. Then I should lay you by the heels. Is your name Paddock?

Enter PADDOCK.

Paddock. That be my name.

Clerk. (Giving a paper.) There.

Paddock. Well, sir, what be this?

Clerk. A common subpœna *duces tecum.*

Paddock. Deuce take 'em, common enough may-hap; but it be all Greek gibberish to I.

Clerk. 'Tis a notice to you to produce your lease in court, at the trial of the action of Thrustout on the demise of Wilton, *versus* Holdfast; unless you wisely prefer letting judgment go by default. The deed won't hold water!

Paddock. Hold water? Won't it hold the land for I?

Clerk. 'Tis good for nothing.——

Paddock. Why it be a shameful thing then: and what be I to do about it, sir?

Clerk. We are plaintiff's attorney and can't advise.

Frisk. Now I can.

Clerk. Well then, what would you advise?

Frisk. You to get out of this place, or I'll serve a writ of ejectment upon you. *(Lifting up his foot.)*

Clerk. Sir, I'll clear the court without executing any further writ of enquiry. [*Exit* CLERK.

Paddock. Why now you will be hasty, sir: the young man were but doing his duty, and *he* couldn't help it.

Frisk. No more could I: my spleen rose, and my foot often rises with it; but let us take a turn round the field together, and consider what is to be done; I'm a bit of a lawyer myself, and you'll have my advice without a fee, and if it misleads you, its no more than the advice you pay for often does. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Retired Landscape.

Enter WILTON *and* DICK.

Wilton. Now, Dick, you must get in conversation with this Harry, and decoy him to the back of the Manor-House, where Scorem will be waiting disguised like a black——

Dick. And your honour would make a black of me, too?

Wilton. What, sir?

Dick. Why, look ye, sir, I an't used to the smuggling sarvice; in all proper duty till the cruise is over I'll obey, but I'll never disgrace the blue jacket I once wore by piracy.

Wilton. You shall repent this.

Dick. I should repent t'other I believe; and if we can't mess together without squalls, I'm ready to strike the flag, unrig and take my discharge.

Wilton. Go back to the Manor-House and wait my pleasure.

Dick. With all hearts; steady in the rigging, staunch at my gun; but always steer clear of a lee shore, your honour. [*Exit* DICK.

Wilton. This rascal will betray me, so I'll ship him off, to use his own phrase: the girl I'll have, and I am doubly determined to punish Paddock for protecting her. The cause relative to Paddock's lease comes on to-day, Scorem's evidence ensures me success; then I'll turn Paddock out directly, and give the lease to him, because he's just such a convenient fellow as I want; and faith I must lose no time while the power is in my hands; for young Worthy, whom I never saw, prosecutes his cause against me so vigorously, to recover this ample estate, which has been so many years in our family; that, such is the uncertainty of the law, I may not long be master of it. Yet Quibble's last letter assures me I'm safe, and—do my eyes deceive me? No—here comes Harriet—lucky opportunity! [*Retires.*

Enter HARRIET *thoughtfully, with a Bundle.*

Har. Yes; I'm resolved, this night it shall be done: I must bid Frank adieu for ever—for an hour in this place is an age of terror, lest Wilton should secure me.

Wilton. (Seizing her.) Wilton has secured you: *(she screams)* and now, madam, with me you return.

Har. For heaven's sake, sir, persecute me no longer; I never will be yours. [*Enter* FRISK.

Wilton. You know me too well to suppose this nonsense will avail.

Frisk. Then, perhaps, *this* will! *(shewing his cane.)* —*(To Harriet.)* Return to Paddock's, and leave him to me. [*Exit Harriet.*

Wilton. Rascal! what do you mean?

Frisk. Excuse my rudeness; but I've a strange complaint in this arm; a kind of something that always puts it in motion whenever I see a scoundrel ill treat a woman.

Wilton. This shall cost you dear.

[*Going off the way Harriet went.*

Frisk. (Stopping him, and pointing to the other side.) No, your road lies *that* way: the air of *that* field isn't good for your health. *(Pointing the opposite way.)*

Wilton. Let me pass.

Frisk. Now be advised.

Wilton. Death and fury, sir! if you was a gentleman I should know how to talk to you.

Frisk. No you wouldn't; it would require a gentleman to do that—in one word, go *that* way, or—I feel it coming—*(shaking the cane.)*

Wilton. You shall answer for this, sir.

[*Exit* WILTON.

Frisk. (Calling after him.) I shall always be ready. This was a lucky rencontre, but I must watch him, that he may not go round and meet her again.

[*Exit after* WILTON.

Enter NED.

Ned. Hey-day! I met my rival Harry running as if he were bewitched; he seemed unhappy—I'm sorry for that, though he have stolen Janet's heart from me; for now I ha' recovered my own, and he may take her and welcome. I ha' done with the sex, for since she be false-hearted, I don't think there be a true one amongst 'em. I shall never forget when I brought her a ribbon from the fair.

SONG.—NED.

I went to the fair with a heart all so merry,
Sing hey down, ho down, derry down dee;
And I bought a gay ribbon, as red as a cherry,
For the girl I lov'd best, and who vow'd to love me.
I return'd from the fair, gaily whistling and singing,
My true lover's knot I in triumph was bringing—
O, it wasn't for me that I heard the bells ringing;
Sing hey down, ho down, derry down, dee.

I found she was false, tho' she promis'd me fairly,
Sing hey down, ho down, derry down, dee;
And women, I trow, are like weathercocks; rarely
They're fix'd to one point, so coquettish they be.
My true lover's knot I away were now flinging,
I've done with the sex, will live single, and singing—
O, it wasn't for me, &c.

[*Exit* NED.

SCENE III.

PADDOCK'S *Parlour.*

Enter DAME PADDOCK.

Dame Pad. O dear heart! my poor man be gone to the 'sizes about the lease; if he loses the cause it will go nigh to break his heart. *(Enter Janet.)* Janet, girl, why what brings thee?

Janet. To ask and entreat, look you, that you will speak a goot word for hur to Harry; and tell him it is crate shames and scandals to plague a poor girl, who has partialities and affections for him, look you.

SONG.—JANET.

Ah, well-a-day!
Now may hur say,
Hur for a husband must tarry:
Hur's young and thought pretty,
O, 'tis a pity
That Ned hur e'er promis'd to marry.
In vain he comes after hur wooing,
In vain hurself Harry pursuing:
'Tis wailing and woe!
Hur must sigh, Heigho!
And love, spite of Ned, cruel Harry.

Why did he come?
Sweet was hur home;
Care hur had never to parry:
Now all's melancholy,
Grieving and folly,
Ah! sure to the grave 'twill hur carry.

Of hur cruelty Ned is complaining,
Hurself suffers Harry's disdaining;
'Tis wailing and woe,
Hur must sigh, Heigho!
And love, spite of Ned, cruel Harry.

Enter NED.

Ned. Love Harry? Then more shame for you, after all the promises you made to me; but I've done with you.

Dame Pad. Two fools! *(to Janet)* but if thee be'st so changeable he'll have no bargain of thee I warrant.

[*Janet and Ned go up the stage—Harriet runs in with the bundle, and drops on a chair, observing none but Dame Paddock.*

Har. O, Dame, I have had such an escape! Wilton, notwithstanding my disguise, has discovered that I am the woman he persecutes.

Janet. Oh, bless hur conscience! hur is a woman.

Dame Pad. There; now the secret be out; but if either of you blab, I'll never forgive you.

Ned. Never fear me, mistress. *(Aside.)* Now I shall be even with Miss Janet.

Har. (Recovering.) Disguise is in vain now; all, all will be known. Save me from Wilton! exposed as I have been, I shall in this form become a laughing-stock; in that bundle is the last female dress I ever wore; I will resume it, and wait the event with resignation.

Dame Pad. Come, come, keep up thy spirits; never mind him; bless'ee, at thy age, if the best he that ever wore a head had been troublesome to me, he'd have met with his match, I warrant me.

[*Exit* HARRIET *attended by* DAME PADDOCK.

Janet. Well, it is full of wonders and marvels, look you. [*To Ned who is going off.*

Ned. Oh, you want to follow me now?

DUET.—NED and JANET.

Ned. My heart is as free
As a bird on a tree,
Your days of vagary you've had 'em:
A nice thing you've made
Of your *parjury* trade;
Pack off to some other, good madam,
Pray do.

Janet. 'Tis fitting to jeer,
And to flounce and to sneer,
But hur sex were all cruel from Adam:
But hur won't take it so,
And I'd have hur to know,
Mister Sir, hur was never a madam,
No, no.

Ned. You know it was base,
But I pity your case;
How the folks will be all of them joking;
And then by the way,
Such spiteful things say—
Poor Janet, its very provoking!
Poor girl!

Janet. Hur's monstrous wise,
But hur'll tear out hur eyes!
Hur's come to pass very pretty;
Pray go, and who cares,
Hur an't at hur last pray'rs.

Ned. Poor Janet, your trouble I pity!
I do.

Janet. Aye, insult hur now do with your pity,
Pray do.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.

A Village.

Enter FRISK *reading a Letter.*

Frisk. Brave news! and Lawyer *Pros* will be here this day; what between law and love I'm prettily perplexed; the terms are almost synonymous, and in either case when it comes to an *attachment*, there's an end to the liberty of the subject.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Const. In the King's name, stand!

Frisk. I prefer walking.

Const. You mun walk wi' I then; you are my prisoner, for *salt* and *batter* on the 'squire's honour.

Frisk. Now don't be importunate, or I may be troublesome.

Const. But you shall go. *(Collars him.)*

Enter DICK, *dressed as a Sailor; with a Stick.*

Dick. Belay! haul off your grappling irons, and heave a head!

Const. What do you bring a *rescute?*

Dick. No—I bring a stick.

Const. Do you know that I represent the King?

Frisk. Then he's as ill represented as some of his people.

Enter Pross, *booted and spurred.* Frisk *puts his finger on his own mouth, to indicate secrecy.*

Pross. Ah! my worthy friend, glad to meet with you; have scoured the whole place for you; in a great hurry to be off again; so come along.

Const. No—he mun; *go* along!

Pross. Why, what's the matter?

Frisk. A trifle: a gentleman was impertinent, and I was impatient; he wanted a congè, and I offer'd him a cane; that's all. [*Dick whispers to Frisk.*

Pros. I'll undertake for him.

Const. Why, what be an undertaker to do in this business?

Pros. An undertaker fellow? I'm Peter Pros, attorney at law, and I'll answer for his appearance.

Const. No, he mun appear to answer for himself.

Frisk. You astonish me, Dick! Then there's no time to lose: *(to Constable.)* My good fellow, I'll go with you where you please; but first go with me. You, Dick, keep aloof a bit; you'll know your cue. [*Exeunt all but Dick.*

Dick. Aye, aye, your honour! never miss signal. *(Looking at his dress.)* Now I feel as I used to do: I've parted company with the 'squire; and this rigging makes me look something like again: why, in his livery, I was like a British bottom with French colours. He thought to frighten me, by talking of a discharge; but he'd got hold of the wrong man. A true seaman is never frighten'd at a squall; and if he is set adrift, why he works his way as well as he can.

SONG.—Dick.

We tars have a maxim, your honour's, d'ye see,
To live in the same way we fight;
We never give in, and when running a lee,
We pipe hands the vessel to right.
It may do for a lubber to snivel and that,
If by chance on a shoal he be cast;
But a tar among breakers, or thrown on a flat,
Pulls away, tug and tug to the last.
With a yeo, yeo, yeo, fol de rol.

This life, as we're told, is a kind of a cruise,
In which storms and calms take their turn;
If 'tis storm why we bustle, if calm then we booze,
All *taught* from the stem to the stern;
Our captain, who in our own lingo would speak,
Would say, to the cable stick fast,
And whether the anchor be cast, or a-peak,
Pull away, tug and tug to the last.
With a yeo, yeo, yeo, fol de rol.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

PADDOCK'S *Parlour.*

PADDOCK *and* DAME PADDOCK *discovered;* PADDOCK, *as if just come home, puts down his whip, takes off his great coat, and hangs up his hat.*

Paddock. Yes, Dame, it be all over sure enough: 'squire ha' gotten the day; and Scorem, for his villany, will get the lease.

Dame Pad. Well, well, keep up thy spirits; we have a little left, and we can still work. I feel most for the poor girl who is up stairs, crying; and do look like an angel in her *own* clothes. [*A knock at the door.*

Paddock. Come in.

Enter the ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

Paddock. O, you be here already, be you? but *Ill weeds come quick*, as I say to my Spouse; and *There be no shaking off troublesome companions*, as my Spouse do say to I.

Clerk You must all turn out! the landlord and the new tenant are coming.

Dame Pad. Hey, what! Scorem? If a comes near me—

Paddock. Nay, nay, dame; don't lose thy temper, and be a fool, because he be a knave: we mun turn out, what then? John Paddock may hold up his head where they will be ashamed to show their faces. Come, wife, come! why do'ee be foolish and cry for?

have a good heart, and bear it like I; *(half crying)* heigho! If I did keep but fifty sheep, t'farm be as good again as when I took it: but this be law.

Clerk. Yes! the very letter of the law.

Paddock. Then it be *black letter*, and Justice couldn't read it.

Enter WILTON.

Wilton. Mr. Paddock, you guess the nature of my visit here?

Paddock. Yes, yes! you ha' done your worst, and I am ready to turn out as soon as the law requires. For "*The weakest goes to the wall*," as I say to my Spouse; and "*Needs must, when the devil drives*," as my Spouse says to I.

Enter HARRIET *in female dress.*

Wilton. (Aside; seeing her.) She's here! and no longer in disguise.

[*Attempts to seize Harriet, Paddock catches up his whip, and stands between them.*

Paddock. Stand off! stand off! She be under my protection. [*Scorem disarms Paddock.*

Dame Pad. (To Scorem, and catching up the poker.) Ah! do'ee touch him, do'ee. [*Wilton seizes Harriet.*

Har. Will nothing but my destruction, and that of these worthy people, to whom I owe my life, content you?

Wilton. I seek your happiness, and to give you an opportunity of returning their kindness; *there* is a new lease, with blanks for the tenant's name; consent to return to town with me, and I will insert Paddock's, and leave him in possession of the farm.

Paddock. Doantee consider us—pray doantee, miss; we should never thrive in the farm.

Dame Pad. Doantee, miss, pray; I'll go down on my knees to thee—

Har. I will never insult my protectors by sup-

posing they would profit by my dishonour. I am of age, sir; your power over me ceases, and I defy it.

Wilton. Then you have decided their fate. Give me the lease. *(Signs it.)* Now insert Scorem's name. *(To the Clerk who writes.)* And now, sir, *(to Paddock)* you quit the premises.

Paddock. Mun we be thrust out like vagabonds?

Enter FRISK.

Frisk. Never while Frank Frisk is near to protect you.

Paddock. What canst thee do, foolish man? our cup of affliction be full.

Frisk. Then we'll make his *honour* drink it. Harriet in tears? Hark ye, sir, *(to Wilton)* how have you dared to insult that incomparable girl?

Wilton. I expected you was in custody, sir.

Frisk. Yes, and here's my bail.

Enter PROS.

Wilton. Pros the attorney!

Pros. Yes, Peter Pros; old Quibble, as I told you he would, deceived you—'tis all up—decree pronounced against you.

Wilmot. What, sir?

Pros. (Takes out a newspaper and reads.) "*Worthy versus Wilton.*" "The long depending cause relative to the valuable estate of Golden Acres is at last decided in favour of the plaintiff Worthy; and all the leases given by the defendant *Wilton* are void, who has likewise to pay up a long list of arrears, &c. &c. &c."

Pros. Here, sir, is the legal instrument, *(shewing a parchment,)* by virtue of which we act.

Wilton. Confound you all! [*Exit.*

Paddock. (To Scorem who has the lease in his hand.) Your lease, master Scorem, be not a long one.

Dame Pad. Mayhap he'd like to have it renewed. Ha, ha, ha!

Enter DICK.

Dick. So his honour has bilg'd at last.

[FRISK *and* HARRIET *talk apart.*

Paddock. (To Pros.) And pray, who be landlord now, sir?

Pros. Francis Worthy, esquire, and there he is.

[*Pointing to* FRISK. *All amazed but* DICK.

Dick. Yes, yes, the false colours are hauled down, and the true blue hoisted.

Paddock. Be that Mr. Worthy? I do humbly beg your honour's pardon for all the freedoms we have taken with one another, but we were all in the dark; and *Ignorance be excusable*, as I say to my Spouse; and *A fool's tongue do run before his wit*, as my Spouse do say to *I*.

Frisk. Freedoms? Why you made me free of the dining parlour, when old *Trust to-morrow* shut the door in my face.

Scorem. I'm sure if I'd known who your honour was—

Frisk. You would have told me of the clause in the lease; you're a black sheep, and I mean to shear you.

Scorem. Your honour won't turn me out?

Frisk. But my honour will, I assure you.

Scorem. Then *that (snapping his fingers)* for your *honour*; stand out of the way. *(Pushes against the Clerk, who follows him out.)*

Frisk. Now, friend Paddock, rest happy under your old roof; your rent shall be reduced; Ned and Janet shall have the Barley Mow; and Dick shall be brought into safe moorings in town. And now, Harriet, may *I* hope?

Dame Pad. Do'ee, Miss, bless'ee do'ee.

Har. (To Frisk.) As you certainly are entitled to some consideration— —*(starting and looking behind her, and affecting fright,)* bless me! I thought Wilton was there! So, to make myself secure, and *(to Frisk)* to save you from the pond or the pear-tree, I fancy I must e'en consent—*(gives her hand.)*

Frisk. Say you so? then all shall be Jubilee.

Paddock. And I wish you may be as happy as *my Spouse and I.*

FINALE.

Frisk. Guilt detected, worth rewarded,
Still a care obscures our view.
(To Audience.) May approval be accorded?
Sovereign lords, we bow to you.

Har. What fears annoy
The farmer's boy!
Ah, kindly smile them all away.
Paddock. Your smiles when won,
Shall be our sun,
And we'll while sun shines make our hay.

Dick. A sailor rough, on ocean bred,
Would favour *ax*, but knows not how.
Ned. And pray, your worships, honour Ned
With favours at the Barley Mow.

CHORUS.

Guilt detected, &c.

THE END.

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